In-Flight Entertainment (Thread)

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In-Flight Entertainment (Thread)

by Metaphysicalash

Summary

Post mizumono. A little thread I wrote on twitter based off a gif.

Will gets up to no good on an airplane. Five minutes is all he needs.

Notes

The title is so spontaneous and made me laugh (>▽<)

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“So...” Will shifted a bit in his seat. “Florence.” He smiled.

“I spent my younger years in Florence. I always wanted to show you around.” Hannibal glanced over at the profiler seated next to him on the plane. “I’m only glad you came around, Will.”

“I've to admit it was rather difficult just leaving Jack Crawford and Alana behind. More so, my dogs. But… I don’t regret taking the leap with you.”

Hannibal took Will’s hand in his own, interlacing their fingers together before pressing a kiss to the back of his hand. Will kissed his thumb before leaning in to kiss his cheek and the corner of his lips. Hannibal smiled as Will’s lips brushed along his jawline.

“As much as I delight in your advances, darling,” he said. “An airplane doesn’t quite give us the privacy we need.”

“It will give me five minutes of privacy.” Will ran his hands down Hannibal’s torso, while his lips brushed against his.

“For what, if I may ask.”

When Will reached his trousers, Hannibal took the hint and his pulse picked up pace. Oh, Will was a cunning boy. The man could speak volumes from the lustful glint in his blue eyes and the smirk playing on his lips alone. And who was Hannibal to resist? He did wish they had a little more privacy though.

But to Will, it seemed more than enough. The risk of someone seeing them and only having five minutes to do what he desired was thrilling to him.

“I hope you can make good use of your short window of opportunity,” Hannibal said.
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“If you keep quiet and make sure no one’s watching, I can,” Will pressed a kiss to Hannibal’s lips as he deftly undid his slacks, taking delight in the bulge that shamelessly flaunted itself from within Hannibal’s boxers. “Considering how much you want this already.”

“How I wish to savor this moment, sweet boy. But I’m afraid you’ll have to be quick. Can you manage that?"

Will raised an eyebrow. “Is that a challenge?”

“It is whatever you want it to be.” Hannibal paused then smirked. “But yes, it is a challenge. I am curious to see how you will make use of that enticing mouth of yours.”

Will didn’t need anymore words as he pulled down the waistband of Hannibal’s boxers just enough to release his hard cock, which sprang up, begging to be sucked. He gave Hannibal a sly look before bending down and taking the cock into his mouth.

Hannibal swallowed again, leaning back into the seat, trying to bite back a grunt while his lover sucked him off with a fervent passion. His hands gripped the seat tighter as Will’s head bobbed on his lap, the profiler’s tongue rubbing against his veiny length and his teeth lightly grazing the flesh. It sent a jolt through his body and it was all Hannibal could do to stop himself from trembling. The electricity shot through him like a jagged bolt of lightning, and the pressure built up, like a geyser about to blow.

“Will…” was all Hannibal could choke out.

Will’s tongue swirled around the glans before he sucked on it, eliciting the faintest of sounds from Hannibal and making his hips jerk a bit. He went faster, harder, making sure to savor every inch of the thick flesh. His hand stroked Hannibal’s cock and then his balls, kneading them. Hannibal’s lips parted and he breathed heavily now, tugging at Will’s curls. His three-piece suit suddenly felt too hot for him, so much that if he didn’t have extraordinary amounts of restraint, or if they were in a more private place, he would’ve ripped his clothes off. Will moaned as Hannibal clenched his hair, enjoying the sting. His moan sent vibrations through Hannibal’s cock, and the older man looked down at him.

“Your time seems to be running out, my boy,” he breathed.

Will didn’t respond. He kept going, relishing in the soft sounds Hannibal made and the throbbing of his cock. He was close. The air hostess was making her way towards them, stopping her cart to serve drinks and snacks to the other passengers. Hannibal was just slightly concerned now.

“Will,” he muttered.

Will knew about the time he had. And he knew how to push Hannibal over the edge. All it took was some expert strokes from his hands and his eager mouth, sucking hungrily at the flesh with the anticipation of tasting Hannibal’s release. The orgasm hit Hannibal like a truck. His muscles tensed and he bit back a growl as he thrust his hips up and spurted thickly and hotly onto Will’s tongue. Will readily swallowed the milky stream until Hannibal emptied himself completely and his hips dropped back down.

Taking his mouth off Hannibal's cock, Will looked at him with sly, lustful eyes and winked before sitting upright in his seat,

taking a handkerchief out of his suit pocket and wiping his mouth.

Hannibal breathed heavily, tucking his cock back in, buttoning and zipping up his trousers. He straightened himself in his seat just as the air hostess arrived.

"Drink, sir?" she smiled.

"Red wine, please."

Hannibal replied, smiling back with the remarkable poise he usually put forth. While also secretly trying to get his senses together. The air hostess poured the drink into a glass and handed it to Hannibal who thanked her with a smile.

Will rested his elbow on the window, looking outside and stifling a smug grin. He wanted to chuckle and it took a lot just to hold it in.

"And you, sir?" the air hostess glanced at Will.

Will cleared his throat. "Uh, water."

The hostess poured a glass of water for him and handed it over before leaving.

Hannibal took a whiff of the wine before taking a sip. "This calls for punishment, darling."

Will grinned. "You wanted it."

"I did. But I didn't expect it to happen on an aircraft, so I may have to return double the favor once we reach our hotel."

Will sipped his water. "I'm counting on it, darling."

Hannibal leaned back in his seat and relaxed, with a smirk on his face. Oh, the things he would do to Will once they reached Florence. He looked forward to it.

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